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POETICAL REMAINS.

THE

POETICAL REMAINS,

WITH OTHER

DETACHED PIECES

OF THE LATE

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COLLECTOR OF THE CUSTOMS AT WHITBY.

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Ait fuisse navium celerrimus.

CATULLUS.

Printed and sold by R. RODGERS.
Sold also by C. LAW, Ave-Maria Lane, LONDON.

1807.

TO THE

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

Resident in WHITBY, and its ENVIRONS; *and in general to the*

LIBERAL SUBSCRIBERS,

Whose patronage supports this publication,

The Editor with the sincerest gratitude and all possible respect begs leave to dedicate it; relying on their candour to construe favourably any accidental inadvertencies.

WHITBY,
March, 11, 1807.

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND GENIUS

OF THE LATE FRANCIS GIBSON, Esq. F. A. S.

BY W. WATKINS.

IT is an obvious, and (indeed to speak ingenuously) rather a trite remark; that the lives of literary men, which are mostly passed in the seclusion of studious retirement, are seldom striking by boldness of adventure, or interesting by diversity of incident. To render such lives entertaining, must therefore, in a great measure depend upon the skill and ability of the writer, who has the task of compiling them.

I cannot help considering it rather remarkable, that this my first attempt in such a species of literary composition, should be an endeavour to illustrate the life and character of one who was my earliest intimate, and school-fellow; and whom I have the satisfaction to recollect continued in friendship with me to the termination of his worldly existence.

FRANCIS GIBSON was born at Whitby, a sea-port on the coast of the North-Riding of the

County of York; a place which by his writings has been rendered less obscure than it formerly was; to which he always continued partial, though he met with some of those mortifications there, to which people who aspire after literary attainments, are always subject in towns where successful commercial industry is the only criterion of public approbation.

His baptismal register, o. s. in the parish-book, is dated Jan. 16th, 1752—He is there called son of JOSEPH and MARY GIBSON: his maternal grandfather was Comptroller * of the Customs of the same port.

When taken from the management of the women, his father, who at that time was commander of a merchant ship, sent him to the day-school of MR. LIONEL CHARLTON, a man of considerable mathematical knowledge, and not unacquainted with the principles of classical education, who then taught school, by permission of the lord of the manor, in the Toll-booth (as it was then called) at Whitby—CHARLTON, who was the only preceptor GIBSON was taught by, had however some peculiarities which offered a constant fund to exercise the satirical talent of his pupil, which soon began to shew itself; for he (CHARLTON) was a Northumbrian, and

* The Comptrollership of the Customs is exercised by a deputy appointed by the Patentee who resides in London.

strongly retained the guttural accent, and pronunciation of his native country; he was lame of a hand; halted on a foot; had a harsh and withered countenance, and was (at that time) of a severe disposition as a pedagogue.

It was at this man's school, in the beginning of 1762, that the compiler of this tribute to his memory, who being nearly four years younger, was just emerging from infancy, commenced his acquaintance with MR. GIBSON—CHARLTON's pupils were at that time numerous.

There is often a secret and unprompted sympathy, which, like the attraction of cohesion, in certain substances, attaches analagous minds to each other. We became friends, before we comprehended the meaning of the term. GIBSON did me various little good offices, which I endeavoured to acknowledge by attachment and esteem. This course of life was however soon dissolved by my being sent to a boarding-school at a distant village, from which after a year's sojournment I was recalled on account of ill health. It would be nugatory, and perhaps might be tedious to particularize infantine sports, or detail puerile diversions; but there may sometimes be found *traits* in these things, that give a strong insight into the real character of

lowing winter, and then seemed to be at the summit of his wishes; but he was soon to experience the uncertainty of all earthly felicity: the effervescence of the American Revolution, which had been long agitating, now broke out into open violence, and avowed hostility to Great Britain, and its constitution. The conduct of the British administration in the contest which ensued with *America*, having been begun without necessity, was managed without ability; but being in the year 1776, determined on sending a force to carry into execution the measures meditated, *viz.* sending a number of transports. Ships were hired to carry Troops to that Continent, amongst others MR. GIBSON Sen. engaged the ship then lately built for his son in that service; but GIBSON being then just married, and on other reasons, disinclined to that expedition, his friend CAPT. W. RICHARDSON, kindly undertook to command his ship called the *Jupiter*, which was consumed in the ensuing year, (partly loaded with horse forage) by accidental lightning on the coast of *America*. In the beginning of the year 1777, his sensibility received a severe shock in the death of his consort, who died of a lingering disorder, after having produced him a daughter, whose tender life was by great care and attention nurtured to maturity, and whose subsequent misfortunes

have since been unhappily the occasion of many severe trials to her relations.

Mr. Gibson, Sen. however still wishing his son to continue a sea-faring life, another ship was purchased called in compliment to the Nobleman at that time chief naval commander on the American service, Lord Howe; and in this ship Gibson in the year 1778, resumed the occupation of a master mariner.—In this year also did his present biographer resume their intimacy, which had been suspended.—In the year 1779 Gibson again visited *Russia*, but falling sick on his return to England he was detained sometime at *Revel*, a Russian port in the Gulf of Finland, and experienced much friendly attention from Chevalier Mackenzie, then the Russian Naval Commandant, on that station; of whose politeness he used to speak in terms of the most grateful remembrance and respect. Towards the close of the year, the northern coast of England was then thrown into much alarm by the depredations of Paul Jones, a piratical outlaw; who having a commission from America, had dispersed the homeward bound Baltic Fleet, and captured after a sharp engagement, the ship of war convoying it; and the country being aroused to exertion, various corps of volunteers were raised, trained and disciplined in most parts of the islands

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FRANCIS GIBSON was born at Whitby, a sea-port on the coast of the North-Riding of the

POETICAL REMAINS.

Full-freighted, with true seamen mann'd,
She bent her course to *Russia's* shore,
But there a tyrant's iron hand,
Enslav'd the crew and seiz'd the store.

Nine tedious months poor *Anna* pin'd,
At length th'expected letter came,
With trembling hand she broke the seal,
And kiss'd her *Henry's* well-known name.

The tale it told was* *passing strange,*
Of want, of sickness, death and woe;
Where houseless, friendless, they where urg'd
O'er untrack'd wastes of driving snow.

Where fierce, and sullen as the storm,
Stalk'd forth forlorn the shaggy Bear,
Where hungry wolves that bay the moon
Hung on the fainting, trembling rear.

" At length in pity to our lot,
" Heav'n cast the tyrant from his throne;
" A milder sun on *Russia* rose,
" Whose beams on us benignant shone.

" Freed from our chains, our ships restor'd,
" Exulting hope each bosom warms,

* Vide Othello.

" Soon shall we view old Albion's Coasts—
"I fly—my *Anna* to thy arms."

She press'd the writing to her heart,
With tears she hail'd th'auspicious day,
For now in haste the pilot told,
That *Henry's* ship was in the bay.

Her well-known signal was descry'd,
Plunging, the anchor bit the ground,
The smoaking cable check'd amain,
The reeling Ship brought quickly round.

In haste the little ones were dress'd,
The key was giv'n of all her store,
A little banquet to prepare,
When her lov'd *Henry* came on shore.

That done, a child in either hand,
Her steps no longer she delay'd;
—But ah she trembl'd when she saw
The colours half-staff-up display'd.

Cast from the ship with dashing oars,
The pinnace bade her hope and fear,
Upon it dwelt her anxious eye,
But saw alas! no *Henry* there.

lowing winter, and then seemed to be at the summit of his wishes; but he was soon to experience the uncertainty of all earthly felicity: the effervescence of the American Revolution, which had been long agitating, now broke out into open violence, and avowed hostility to Great Britain, and its constitution. The conduct of the British administration in the contest which ensued with *America*, having been begun without necessity, was managed without ability; but being in the year 1776, determined on sending a force to carry into execution the measures meditated, *viz.* sending a number of transports. Ships were hired to carry Troops to that Continent, amongst others MR. GIBSON Sen. engaged the ship then lately built for his son in that service; but GIBSON being then just married, and on other reasons, disinclined to that expedition, his friend CAPT. W. RICHARDSON, kindly undertook to command his ship called the *Jupiter*, which was consumed in the ensuing year, (partly loaded with horse forage) by accidental lightning on the coast of *America*. In the beginning of the year 1777, his sensibility received a severe shock in the death of his consort, who died of a lingering disorder, after having produced him a daughter, whose tender life was by great care and attention nurtured to maturity, and whose subsequent misfortunes

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IRREGULAR STANZAS

On Shakespeare.

Glory of *Albion*, nature's favourite son,
Who wide o'er earth thy matchless course has run,
Then nobly rising to celestial heights,
Drew from the radiant skies their airy sprites,
Bade unembody'd forms in mystic visions rise,
And struck the tingling ear with heav'ns own
melodies.

On the blest morn that gave thee birth,
Light tripp'd the Fairies on the earth,
Ere jocund day peer'd o'er the eastern dew,
From hill and dale each fresh'ning scent they
drew,
And strew'd their flowrets o'er the hallowed bed,
Where nature saw her darling offspring laid.

Ocean in thunder sweeps the strand no more,
Its wild waves die along the winding shore;
Hark!—more than mortal sounds arise,
Loud, and more loud they pierce the skies;
As verging thunders roll;
Now gently in a falling note,
On echoe's wings retiring float,
And sooth th'enraptur'd soul.

'Tis *Ariel* sweet at heaven's gate sings,
And sweep unseen her silver strings;
While her great master grasping *Prosper's* wand,
Bids air and sea obey his dread command;
And as at his behest the trembling spirits move,
In louring terrors wrapt, he wields the bolt of Jove.

Swift as the north wind scoures the heath,
Stern *Hecate* speeds to deeds of death,
Thirsting for blood the haggard sisters see
Act their foul rites round *Birnam's* blasted tree;
From *Dunsinane's* devoted walls,
The fatal spirit *Macbeth* calls,
Echo resounds through all its gloomy caves—
Wild starting at the sound the guilt-struck tyrant raves.

Through destiny's inextricable road,
Ambition beckons, and the furies goad,
Fate wraps her mantle round his strugling soul,
On hell's false agents see his eye-balls roll;
Their charm complete, they chaunt the direful lay,
And cast a ghastly smile upon their royal prey.

Now mounts the bard th'insanguin'd car,
And sounds the brazen trump of war,
The hostile roses* o'er the plain advance;

* York and Lancaster.

Frowning on Kings, great *Warwick* * shakes his
lance—
——Ill-fated *Margaret* † by the brave ador'd,
Could not thy courage save thy sainted lord ? ‡
Tis fruitless all—war's dedliest standard waves,
And brother's blood *Aire's* ‖ sedgy borders laves.

Loud thunders roll, and drenching rains descend,
And Jove's own oak his forked lightnings rend;
Hark! 'midst the mingling rack the notes of woe:
From the lost King § and hoary sire they flow;
Not for an empire lost arise his pangs,
But ah ! much sharper than a serpent's fangs,
Th' untented woundings of a *thankless child.*

Firm on the rock of ages *Shakespeare* stands,
And time and space obey his dread commands,
While the great moralist ¶ his tribute brings,
And Twick'nam's bard ** in liquid number sings,
See lank and pale his Gallic †† foe advance
With nerveless arm he points his trembling lance;
The point recoils upon *Minerva's* ‡‡ shield,
And for the shades of night he quits th'unequal
field.

* The Great Earl of Warwick, called Make-King. † M. of Anjou, Queen to ‡ Henry VI. ‖ River Aire, in Yorkshire, near which a great Battle was fought. § Lear. ¶ Dr. Johnson. ** Pope. †† Voltaire. ‡‡ Mrs. Montague.

So the resplendant orb that rules the day,
While nature hails the vivifying ray,
Sees for a while a cloud its glories shade,
Which soon the sport of ev'ry passing wind,
Shall like a vision's baseless fabric fade,
Nor of its transient honours leave a wreck behind.

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY.

I.

The yule* clog blazes on the fire,
And cheers the bairns, and eke their sire,
On high the wassal-candle stands,
Nor snuffers dread, in idle hands;
The kitchen echoes with pam-flush,
While whist keeps all the parlour hush,
The guests look forward to good cheer,
For christmas comes but once a year.

II.

And now the spotless cloth is laid,
Grave silence reigns, while grace is said;
Plac'd at the head all view with glee
The mighty bowl of Firmity:
The parson snuffs the fumes that rise,
From Puddings † swart, and hot minc'd Pies,
And does due honour to good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

III.

The ancient goose, (now clos'd her days)
In walls of paste her duty pays;

* Saxon term for Christmas. † Black.

My dame brings forth her filbert hoard,
And fresh-tapt ale smiles round the board,
On table small, for youngsters spread,
Stands new-milk cheese and gingerbread,
True English fare all hearts to cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

VI.

The moon shines bright upon the snow
As rude and chill the north winds blow;
And now they raise the loyal song,
And hearts of oak the notes prolong;
Guarded by *Nelson's single* arm,
From treach'rous foes they dread no harm;
May *he* enjoy old English cheer,
At merry Christmas many a year.

Free Translation from the Latin of

JOHANNAS SECUNDUS.

THE HELMET.

The God of war, in Cytherea's arms,
Forgot the hostile clarion's dire alarms,
In full enjoyment of celestial bliss,
Each touch was sealed with a burning kiss:
By her belov'd, and loving her again,
He felt love's pleasures, but without its pain:
While thus employ'd the God, all battles cease,
War breaks his launce, and all the world is peace.

The little loves around the myrtle bower,
In Jocund measures pass the vacant hour;
One vainly tries to raise his pond'rous shield,
Another strains his glittering sword to wield;
The rest bring branches from the myrtle grove
To form a cradle for the unborn love;
Clear is the sky, sweet zephyrs odours bring,
And smiling nature shews eternal spring;
Through meads of asphodel the streamlet glides,
Moist'ning the flowery banks, with its tranflucent tides.

But hark—the martial trumpet sounds—
To arms—to arms—to arms—
No time to revel now in beauty's charms:
Loud beats the drum—the neighing charger
bounds,
See *victory* approach, with offer'd launce,
And calls the hero from his amorous trance—
Behold in brilliants on the shield
" *Honour calls thee to the Field.*"

Mars reads his fate and finds reluctance vain,
He quits the Goddess with transcendant pain;
But how shall I or *Cupid* tell the rest,
Within his casque two doves had form'd their nest,
Their gentle cooings, and each joining bill
Shew that the purest fires their bosoms fill:
Their glossy wings o'erspread their tender young,
And e'en at *Mars* they peck'd as o'er the nest he
hung.

The God enchanted, cast a gracious smile,
Yet between love and glory paus'd awhile:
At length he cries—" Stern *victory* begone,
" Thy doves have conquer'd—*love*, I'm thine alone.
" Attendant Cupids by their queen's behest,
" Break the rude spear and tear the plumed crest.

" Instead of martial measures, gentle airs
" Prompt all around to seek the grove in pairs,
" Thus could two doves, the powers of war restrain,
" Give peace to earth, and safety to the main."

ADDITION TO RULE BRITANNIA.

Where *Hawke* through storms pursu'd his way,
And from *Conflans* the laurel tore;
There *Howe* in glory's brilliant day,
Bade France's navy rise no more.
Rule Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.
Where fam'd St. Vincent's rocky mound,
Frowns on the vast Atlantic main,
There victory her *Jervis* crown'd,
And saw him crush the pride of Spain.
Rule Britannia, &c.
Now bending under *Duncan's* fame,
The fierce Batavian nobly falls;
Then with three cheers hail *Duncan's* name,
And old *Britannias wooden walls.*
Rule Britannia—Britannia rule the waves
Britons never will be slaves.

STANZAS ON THE KING'S INDISPOSITION.

Sunk in the deep abyss of scorn,
(Her once victorious ensigns torn,)
Britannia on her rusting shield reclin'd,
Breath'd her sad accents to the passing wind;
Her frowning lion awful, in defeat,
Deep gash'd with crimson wounds, couch'd at her feet;
Her broken spear lay on the ground,
And bruised arms were strew'd around;
Commerce on tottering pillars scarce upborn,
With eyes suffus'd in tears, deplor'd her empty horn.

Thus low the queen of nations laid,
By base ingratitude betray'd;
'Till the brave son of an immortal Sire,
His bosom warm with patriotic fire,
Pitying his country's abject state,
Depress'd by faction's baleful weight,
Nobly arose—and in auspicious hour,
Rescued her from the twisted * Serpent's power;
And from affliction's dismal night,
Again enthron'd her on that envy'd height,

* Coalition.

Where with mild dignity she yet presides,
Assists the weak—and checks ambition's
haughty strides.
Now sets the sun that on Britannia shone,
Deep spread the shades, on Stygian pinions borne.
Extended on the restless bed of grief,
Augustus great and good appears;
To her the Mother, Wife and Queen,
Whose life a shining light hath been,
Unable to afford relief;
Unconscious of a nation's tears.
O Power supreme, whose ways impervious lie
Beyond the feeble stretch of mortal eye:
Whose works, while vainly we explore their end,
To infinite perfection tend;
Whose mercy from eternal justice springs,
O hear a People's prayers—RESTORE THE BEST OF
KINGS.

STANZAS ON HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY.

I.

Faint gleams the slow advancing morn,
On the pale wretch who long had borne,
Within the dungeon's gloomy round,
Grief's heaviest pressure on the humid ground;
Where through the bars a feeble light
Scarce mark'd the tedious day, from spirit-sinking night.
Remote the voice of friends—all silent as the tomb,
Save sorrow's lengthen'd echoes from each vaulted-room.

II.

Now liberty, sweet Goddess, bids arise
Full in his view, the earth, the seas, the skies;
With rapture long a stranger to his breast;
He hails the sun in rising splendor drest;
On him its rays with liveliest lusture shine,
Bright emblem of Omnipotence divine;
While grateful fervour in his bosom burns,
The full expanded soul her votive praise returns.

III.

Thus, late when Britain saw her glories fade,
And o'er her hopes misfortune cast her shade.

When the paternal Guardian of her Isle
Ceas'd on his state to bend the cheering smile;
Sad victim to that melancholy power.
Trampling on reason in her Stygian bower,
She drop'd her wreath of glory on the ground,
And bent before that throne where mercy's ever
found.

IV.

Auspicious day, her prayers acceptance find;
Father of Britain, friend of human kind,
She hails thee to thy drooping realms restored,
The sacred dome her lofty gates unfolds,
Albion her King and honoured Chiefs beholds;
Bend before HIM the universe's Lord;
While sweet as from the Seraph's lyre,
The infant strain precedes the melting choir,
And through the fretted concave deep and long,
The organ's pealing notes swell in the sacred song,
" Hail sovereign goodness—boundless mercy, hail!
" Be thine alone the praise, when thrones and
worlds shall fail. "

THE SEA-PORT PARSON, A SATIRE.

Where sedgy CAM or ISIS love to stray
Through classic groves, soft gliding to the lay,
Of beardless Poet, who in labour'd themes,
Begins with '*fragrant Groves, & purling streams;*'
'Till warm'd with Port, true Alma-Mater's fire
To untry'd notes attunes his bolder Lyre,
The Lyre to every hackney'd subject strung,
Till not an Ale-house rears its Sign un-sung.
From those poetic climes the Soph descends,
Sure of applauses new, from future Friends;
From boasting tutors, and admiring chums,
To soften and instruct the world he comes;
To the rude Sea-port, see A. B.* advance,
Teaching the Gulls to chant, the bears to dance,
Stiff as his band, yet fluttering as his Gown,
The curl'd Sir-Clement-Cotteril of the town,
A dapper thing, not form'd for use but show,
At once a Pedant, Connoisseur and Beau,
Yet who so welcome—see him deep engage,
To damp the memory of forgetful age,
In Snow-clad heads, Hoyle's lessons to renew,
Blest with the grin of virgin Sixty-two.
Next in the Theatre behold him sit,
To guide the wandering judgment of the pit,

* A. B. Batchelor of Arts.

With Shakespeare's flights grammatic war to wage,
(The self-created censor of the stage;)
By fancy clad with more than papal power,
O'er trembling Kings he reigns, the Pontiff of the hour.

Here him with logic teize abstracted bards,
Then teach an infant how to play its cards,
With Music's science *Euclid's* pupils stun,
Or with the deaf through "Glees and catches" run;
The Sailors hear Church-hist'ry explain'd,
And how Polemic Victories were gain'd;
The plodding Merchant first is taught to know,
The firm of *Titian, Angelo & Co.**
Miss, proud of notice begs him to repeat
The hackney'd tale and oft-told college feat,
Struck with his knowledge, rugged seamen own,
No quarter-waggoner such skill has shewn,
" He wants alone, by G— they all agree,
" The last bright polish " only gain'at Sea. "
But where's his flock-unheeded, scatter'd wide?
By foreign Shepherds scantily supply'd:
Won by his warm address and earnest tone,
The loud enthusiast marks them for his own.

* Eminent Oil and Colourmen, likewise Dealers in Canvas in Italy whose goods pay duty in England, not ad volorem, by the square yard or foot.

See to disputes the Sceptic wields his plume,
Arm'd with the leaden darts of Hobbes and Hume:
The Robes of ancient Infidels worn bare,
He struts in all the tinsel of Voltaire,
Voltaire whose taste health-dealing viands scorns,
And Heav'ns own Manna into poison turns,
Hist'ry false-quoted shews his feeble rage,
As Malice glances o'er the sacred page,
So blind to fate, with like destructive toil,
The powerless Adder licks th'ensanguin'd File:
But where's the Church's champion all the while?
—Deep in his study! close engag'd with Hoyle,
Or at his worship's mess, a welcome guest,
His song adds relish to the splendid feast,
To *serve*, more anxious than to *save* the sinner,
Who treats him with expectance and a dinner:
Afraid the specious deist to withstand,
Though Reason's Arms are offered to his hand,
From boasting infidels the *Christian* runs,
Till pure religion blushes for her sons.—
From the squat steeple hear the jangling bell,*
The welcome fate of parish paupers tell,

* The moving off of the poor was formerly denoted at W***** by a merry tinkling, similar to that sound produced from two brass kettles, but the departure of the opulent was announced by the solemn and minute sound of the great church bell.

Unlike that brazen mouth whose hollow tone,
The pompous exit of the rich makes known:
As with the great, the wretched yield to fate,
The Work-house chill unbars its sullen gate;
See without friendly tear or kindred sigh,
Th'unpitied relics of the poor pass by,
By the rude bearers hurry'd swift along,
Dreading to hear their Pastor's chiding tongue;
Emboxed warm, the Pastor takes his stand,
And deals out *duty* with impartial hand,
'Tis done—away he hies like boy from school,
To join the party, ere "they end the pool."
Not so when fate the miser calls away,
Whose sordid spirit quits its better clay;
When the much pitied Heir in *public* pours,
His April-grief in Sun-illumin'd Showers,
With scarf invested see the* Flamen walk,
Joining the doctor in his solemn stalk,
One to say grace o'er what the other's done,
The priest to finish what the sage begun.
Degenerate tribe of Levi, Sons of pride,
Who from the post of honour start aside:
Faint-hearted soldiers in the noblest cause!
Did your meek master thus subdue his foes?

* This Pedestrian Ceremony is now exchanged for the comfort of a Mourning Coach.

He who to bounty ow'd to-morrow's bread,
Nor knew what hut should shield his sacred head,
Who mourn'd fair Solyma's predicted fate,
While her fierce sons pursued him with their hate.

My pastor calls in with a bundle of verses,
And deep silence demands while his work he
rehearses.
That done "pray what think you, dear sir, of my
scribble;
" I think there's no fear that the critics will nibble,
" But shall I my brilliants display or conceal,
" To your taste and your justice I wish to appeal:"
' Sir we'll lay aside taste, but my honest friend
Martial *
' If you make me a justice, I must be impartial,
' I therefore must send, sir, on proper reflection,
' Your offspring a month to the house of correction.'

The dapper Parson smooth'd his curls and smil'd,
And strait produc'd a " suppositious child!"†

* Not Valerius Martial the Roman Epigramatist, he was a man of wit and humour, not at all resembling Parson M. † Viz. A literary one.

ON THE DEATH OF

RAY BECKWITH, M. D. OF YORK,

And Fellow of the Antiquarian Society of EDINBURGH.

If science with benevolence combin'd,
If all that softens and exalts the mind,
A soul, where independence held her seat,
Firm and unyielding e'en among the great,
If sterling worth demands the genuine tear,
Still shall they flow o'er *Beckworth's* honour'd bier.

No longer beats the heart where pity reign'd,
Untainted honour, charity unfeign'd;
Cold is the hand, that living was stretch'd forth,
To give relief to modest suffering worth;
Led by compassion to explore the cell,
Where penury and despair united dwell,
His care and bounty eas'd the parting breath,
Cheer'd the dull closing eye, and smooth'd the bed of death.

Yet base detraction sought to wound thy fame,
To cast its pointless arrows at thy name;
But truth shall from reproach thy memory save,
And friendship * *weed each nettle from thy grave.*

* Vide Sterne.

ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.

Dark were the skies and chilly swept the wind,
When pale *Britannia* o'er her shield reclin'd,
Dropt her furl'd banners, emblem of defeat,
On the sunk lion, frowning at her feet,
With eye indignant from the sedgy shore,
She saw rebellion's flag by hostile Britons bore.

But soon in gloomy Majesty she rears
Her awful front, her eyes suffus'd with tears,
Urg'd by necessity, she gives the word,
And stern-ey'd Justice bares the *pointed** sword;
With resolution, Britons meet their doom,
Nor blame the just decree that sends them to the tomb.

Misguided victims to offended laws,
Who oft have conquer'd in *Britannia's* cause,
Shades of my countrymen, ah wise too late,
We mourn'd your errors, and regret your fate;
Curse on these arts by which you were undone,
Who in your *Albion's* cause might have fresh laurels won.

* At the King's coronation, two swords are carried before him, one blunted, called the Custana or sword of mercy; the other pointed called the sword of justice.

Borne on the blast the shell of Neptune sounds,
And echoing, on our eastern coast rebounds,
Loud and more loud, the naval thunders roar,
And smoke envelopes false *Batavia's* shore,
To British valour honour joins again,
And *Duncan* wields on high the trident of the main.
Like Jove's own bolts, quick darting from the skies,
From Van to Rear, *Britannia's* lightning flies,
'Midst carnage, smoke, her sable warriors bear,
Her flag triumphant through the troubled air,
While ardent valour, and cool judgment join,
See *Onslow's* rubi'd cross breaks through the hostile line.

O Burgess, while thy country drops a tear,
And by her grief embalms thy honour'd bier,
Stern glory smiling points to yonder flood,
Distain'd with thine, and Britain's patriot blood,
And says—though low my bleeding hero lies,
Yet born on wings of victory, his spirit mounts the skies.

From *Haga's** domes, by hopes gay breezes fann'd,
See *Belgic-Gaul* with myriads line the strand;
But Holland, views upon her sea-beat shore
The bloody laurel from her navies tore,

* The Hague.

She sees her dearest blood old ocean stain,
And yields to *Duncan's* arms the trident of the main.

Now rising slowly through the parting flood,
An awful form appears distain'd with blood,
On his dark brow with rostral honours crown'd,
Sate stern command—'Twas *Ruyter's** ghost that
frown'd,
On Holland's vanquish'd fleet, with lambent glare,
His eyes he ghastly roll'd, then turn'd them in
dispair.

While mournful he address'd the Naval train,
" Thus did your sires *Batavia's* rights maintain;
" Yet for their children did their hosts advance,
" Their *Country's* heroes, not the slaves of *France.*"
He ceas'd—but e'er he sunk beneath the wave,
A languid smile he cast upon the Chieftain† brave.
Now sound the warlike clarion— sound again—
Till *Gallia* trembling hears the martial strain;
Great spirits of our ancestors, look down,
Smile on the laurels that your offspring crown,
'O *Alfred, Edward,* bless the glorious strain,
" *Britannia rule the waves, sole regent of the*
" *main.*"

* Van Ruyter the best Admiral the Dutch ever had, he was kill'd in a Naval Engagement with the Spaniards near MESSINA. † Admiral De Winter.

ON THE LATE FRENCH INVASION OF IRELAND.

I.

Firm on her sea-beat rock *Britannia* stands,
Towering sublime amidst the hostile Lands,
Her rubid cross streams in the troubled air,
While her brave sons the naval trident bear;
Fame's brazen Clarion sounds the martial strain,
And *Fate* proclaims aloud, *Britannia, rule the main.*

II.

Fierce issuing from the Caverns of despair,
Lo, *Gallia's* Hosts their blood-stain'd pikes prepare,
Rous'd by the frantic draught, and savage lay,*
To *Eirin's* † Shores they plow their fateful way,
Where stern *Rebellion* spreads its dire alarms,
And discord lights her torch, and calls her fiends to arms.

III.

Misguided victims of a faithless foe,
Who under freedom's mask prepares her blow,
(A blow that to your vitals points its aim,
To sink you to the shades, and blast your fame,)
Rouse from your trance—bid *Eirin's* Harp again,
To notes of concord strung, attune the loyal strain.

* Ca Ira. † Antient Name of Ireland.

IV.

'Tis done—the banner'd Host indignant yield,
And foul rebellion quits th'ensanguin'd field;
Ceres again rewards the peasant's toil,
Again the Hills, and fertile vallies smile;
The verdant *shamrock*, and the *rose* entwine,
While *justice* sheaths her sword at *mercy's* hallow'd
shrine.

V.

Those are the blessings that from *union* flow,
Union the strongest mound against the Foe;
The *Sister Isles*, with force combin'd, advance,
To foil once more the dark designs of France,
Whose power we smile at, and whose threats
disdain;
They scorn a world in arms who rule the turbid
main.

PARODY

On certain stanzas inserted in a London Evening Paper, of Saturday the 16th of December, 1797, said to be a translation from the Persian of Háli Ben Hassan.

I.

'Tis not the ruby beaming on his brow,
The spotless ermine, nor the crimson train,
Nor yet the strains that from the clarion flow—
Superior minds those futile pomps destain.

II.

Though in his grasp the sword of justice gleams,
Yet, far above Golconda's dazzling blaze,
Around his front sweet mercy sheds her beams,
And bids the *King* despairing wretches raise.

III.

Be tortur'd *guilt* in robes of sackcloth seen,
Let *envy* with the cypress bind her head;
But white-rob'd innocence array the *Queen*,
And to a brighter crown her steps be led.

IV.

When British valour broke th' embattled line,
And crush'd those schemes for England's ruin plann'd,

Shall not the King his grateful subjects join,
In praise to *him* who sav'd a destin'd land.

V.

The banners, wrested from the faithless foe,
No solemn hall nor palace shall adorn,
But bending to the *power* that check'd the blow,
With reverence to his hallow'd fane be borne.

VI.

Then shall the monarch with his people join,
And to *Jehovah* bend the suppliant knee,
While the loud organ aids the strain divine,
And hails the sacred source of victory.

VII.

O then shall angels grateful incense bear,
And waft to heav'n a prostrate monarch's prayer,
" O may our foes the voice of reason hear,
" And sanguine war a guiltless people spare.

VIII.

" O may religion's voice be heard again,
" And stern-ey'd hatred drop the flaming brand;
" No longer hostile thunder shake the main,
" But rival nations join in union's band,

IX.

"But if the offer'd olive, spurn our foes,
"Rouse, Britons, rouse, and hear your country's call:
"Your *King* shall join you in the glorious cause,
"Will conquer with you, or shall with you fall."

X.

When hostile France her troops of frantic slaves
Directed to *Hibernia's* turbid shore;
The winds of heaven uprear'd the curling waves,
And from her coast their shatter'd navy bore.

XI.

Then rise, O Britons, for your altars rise,
Rescue your children from a foreign chain;
Deliver from destruction all you prize,
And let *Britannia* ever rule the *main*.

The late JOHN BOOKER, Esq.

Agent to the British factory at *Cronstadt*, in *Russia*, was a gentleman of extraordinary commercial abilities, to which were joined the mildest urbanity of manners, and a patience of temper nearly invincible; our author has observed him closely engaged in replying to letters of innumerable correspondents, and without giving his pen the least remission, calmly answering the demands of a clamorus crowd, composed of different nations, in the language of their respective countries.

THE COMPTOIR.

Upon that isle* of sand so barren,
By nature meant for coney-warren,‖
Where stubborn *Peter*† laid foundation
Of *Russia's* future reformation;
Who rear'd a city§ from a bog,
And form'd a statue from a log;
By *Knout*‖ paternal love evincing,
Borne by his subjects without flinching;
There B—k—r sits, and patient hears;
Though worried by a thousand bears,

* Cronstadt. † Peter the Great. § Petersburgh. ‖ A severe punishment.

Scots, English, Irish, Swedes and Danes,
Conspire at once to crack his brains;
" Dear sir, when did you hear from town?
" My iron's long in coming down;"
Another cries, " I think it odd,
" My linens are n't arriv'd, by G—;
" Those *Galliotshicks* * are d—n'd fellows,
" And half of them deserve the gallows,
" Instead of bringing you the yarlick, †
" They're drinking *Quas* ‡ and eating garlic."
Next Sandy with importance big,
First taps his mull, then strokes his wig;
" De'el tak me saul, gued maister B—k—r,
" If I shall ever lade me hooker;
" Last neeght I never slept a wink,
" Though I had ta'en a drap o'drink:
" I dinna boast of sacond seeght,
" But weel I ken, that aw's not reeght."
Now opens such a scene of gabble,
Unrivall'd since the days of Babel;
Mates, masters, skippers, supercargoes,
D—ning delay and all embargoes,
Upcasting from their grumbling gizzards,
Harmonious XXes RRs and Izzards;

* Masters of trading vessels. † Manifest of cargo. ‡ A favourite beverage in Russia.

No cockpit ever heard such din,
When blacklegs lose or gingers win.
Job's patience once they say was try'd,
And once he shov'd his friends aside:
So B—k—r quite exhausted cries,
"Stand off, good folks, and let me rise;
"While here you clatter, dinner's spoiling,
"The pudding's been three hours a boiling,
"The veal is roasted to a coal,
"And I must eat, upon my soul:
"This place you make too hot to hold one,
"So I'll to dinner, though a cold one."

VERSIFICATION OF A LETTER

From a British Prisoner in *Russia*, when the Emperor Paul ordered the seizure of all British Ships, brought over in a neutral vessel in 1800.

From Finland's beech no longer sweeps the breeze,
That stripp'd the Shrivell'd foliage from the trees,
Dead calm succeeds the hollow surge no more;
In murmurs beats on *Riga's* sandy shore,
The full-charg'd vessel waits th'auspicious wind,
To leave the land of slavery behind;
Each wearied Sailor ceases from his toil,
While hope holds up to view, his native soil;
Rous'd by the thought, their artless songs resound,
And sweet memorials with the jug go round;
Then to his cot each happy tar repairs,
Where labour seals his eyes and drowns his cares,
Enchanting sleep with fancy's magic wand,
Brings once more full to view his native land:
Propell'd by eastern gales the vessel reels,
What transport then the happy Briton feels,
As with enraptur'd eye he hails again,
The cliffs of *Albion* rising o'er the main,
With hasty step sees to the beech repair,
Th' expectant partner of domestic care;

His children too in lisping notes demand,
Their promis'd presents from a foreign land:
Delusive visions—soon with thundering noise,
The boatswain's triple summons ends these joys,
Quick from repose to duty all arise,
Each nervous arm the potent lever plies,
While to their notes the clanging pauls resound,
The ponderous anchor rises from the ground,
The fluttering topsails mount by quick degrees,
And the red standard courts the rising breeze;
Glad tumult reigns, the notes of parting swell,
And Boldera's * Hamlets echo back farewel.
Too soon alas those visions melt in air,
And hope gives place to leaden-ey'd despair;
Where Dunamunde† her lofty bulwarks rears,
And stern command its direst aspect wears,
An order issues, freezing every heart,
"On pain of death let none from hence depart;"
A despot's slaves th'arrested ships surround,
Again the anchor bites the faithless ground,
The Flag of Britain trampled on the deck,
The Russian treads upon the Briton's neck;
So wills the prince, whom oaths nor honour bind;
The greatest, but most worthless of mankind.

* Boldera, a village at the mouth of the River Dwina, where the timber and mast ponds are. † Dunamunde, a strong fortress commanding the mouth of the Dwina, or Duna.

Torn from our ships, beneath the dire command,
All silent move towards that fatal strand,
Where strew'd around, blanch'd by a century's frost,
The scatter'd bones still whiten on the coast,
When war and pestilence their powers combin'd,
To aid the ruthless murderer* of mankind,
Who could without remorse, without a sigh,
By myriads see his wretched subjects die:
Dread Dunamunde, within whose gloomy bound,
The ghost of poor *Ivan*† still flits around,
He who was bound at Schusselburg to feel,
The fatal point of dire ambition's steel;
Within thy caves, condemn'd without remorse,
The free-born Briton feels the tyrant's curse;
Yet while from those abodes we bid farewel,
If life be spar'd, of woes we still may tell.

* Peter 1st. who lost many thousands of his troops by the sword and pestilence, while besieging Dunamunde, whose bodies being buried in the sand hills were by the first blowing weather exposed to view as their bones lie now,

† The young emperor IVAN was confind at Dunamunde, previous to his removal to Schlusselburg, where he was murdered by order of C. II.

LETTER II FROM RUSSIA.

Plung'd in the gloomy cavern of despair,
Strangers to all the joys of light and air,
Save the pale gleam that through the bars shoots down,
As o'er our heads the black brow'd arches frown;
From their retreats obscene foul reptiles crawl,
And pois'nous damps o'erspread the rugged wall:
Dread silence reigns throughout the black profound,
Till the strong bolt draws back with clanging sound,
Deep echoing through the vaults with sullen roar,
On ponderous hinges grates the iron door,
Through whose dark portal, emblem gaunt of care,
The rugged keeper brings th'allotted fare;
The scanty fair we view with many a sigh,
But fancy pity in the jailor's eye;
While each from him his future lot enquires,
He bends his brow and sullenly retires;
Again, with harsher sounds the barriers close,
And death seems hastening on to end our woes.
But hunger calls imperious, on the ground,
The care-worn band their tasteless meal surround,
Which done, the acid draught their banquet ends,
And whilst they drink to long remember'd friends,
Intrusive memory sadly brings to view,
The joys we in our former winters knew,

When jocund by the cheerful evening's fire,
The listning children hung around their sire,
As the chaste matron spreads her humble board,
Brings forth with smiling face her little hoard,
While the blythe guests in sonorous notes prolong,
The christmas carol and the six-part song.
Remembrance dire—No cheering sounds we find,
Mock'd by the beating surge and murmuring wind,
Loud clanking chains announce the parting day,
As from his task the felon winds his way,
To his straw couch retires in hopeless gloom,
Alike to him the knout or instant doom:
The shades of night close too upon our woes,
But wandering thoughts drive from us all repose,
The drum long ceas'd, here stillness seems to dwell,
Save the dull echoes of the midnight bell.
Does Paul for this imperial thunders bear,
The potent Sovereign of an hemisphere ?
Blush, greatness, blush, to see in evil hour,
Th' unarmed Britons bend beneath thy power,
Who fearless built on royal faith his trust,
Nor fancied Emperors dar'd to be unjust:
Thus oft we view the tyrant of the sky,
Rising sublime in plumed Majesty,
Turn cow'ring from the ravening Hawk away,
On th' unresisting swallows make his prey.

STANZAS

On the transactions in France, 1793.

Quit, O my muse, the myrtle-crown'd alcove,
The blest retreat of friendship and of love;
Hush'd by the flute, and love-inspiring lyre,
The sanguine theme demands a Shakespeare's fire.

Hark! the loud clarion swells the notes of war,
And pallid fear precedes *Bellona's* car;
See her black standard streaming in the wind,
With rapine by her side, and pestilence behind.

Religion droops, and with a sigh retires,
While anarchy rekindles all his fires,
Fills the vast concave with her dire alarms,
And calls aloud th' indignant world to arms.

Shall not the blushing page to ages tell,
How hapless virtue with her *Louis* fell;
And to amaz'd posterity relate,
(Foul stain to France) her royal victim's fate?

How torn from wife, from children, and from
friends,
A public shew, the life of *Louis* ends;

Denied, by cruelty, his last desires,
The *friend of France* by Frenchmen's hands expires.

See yonder* towers, within whose gloomy cells,
Prey to despair, the royal mourner dwells;
Behold with sorrow grey and haggard mien,
Her, once by Europe hail'd fair beauty's queen!

Bending in grief, her intellectual eye,
On the sad grave where *Louis'* relics lie:
Those poor remains, were more than savage rage,
With the cold corpse ignoble war could wage.

O *Orleans!* hated scourge of human-kind,
Thou mass of crimes and cowardice combin'd,
Tremble, thou wretch, when vengeance shall arise,
And awful justice claim her sacrifice:

The ghosts of those, who to the scaffold led,
For steady faith and unstain'd honour bled,
Shall scream around, to aggravate thy doom,
And bid thee tremble at the world to come.

Land of dishonour,† ever more farewel,
Let infamy thy future annals tell.

* The Temple † France.

Rising sublime, above the wave-worn strand,
See the white cliffs of *Albion's* happy land.

Hail native shore ! where freemen guard the
throne,
And the mild Monarch makes their cause his own :
Long may the beams of heaven upon thee shine,
And well-earn'd honours be for ever thine.

Long feel the blessings that from union flow,
And bid the *son* * repeat the father's † blow ;
It shall be so— by ocean's god's decree,
Britannia wields the trident of the sea.

Exulting Nereids, from their pearly caves,
Rise and surround the monarch of the waves,
Glad Tritons sound their shells, and join the strain,
Britannia rules the waves, sole regent of the main.

* Mr. Pitt. † The late Lord Chatham.

ODE

For the Anniversary of the Union Society at Whitby, 1791.

I

The transient joys of love and wine
No more the bard enraptur'd sings,
To nobler strains, to themes divine,
Again he wakes the sounding strings,

II

Heaven's own semblance charity,
Soother kind of human care,
Thou who set'st the captive free,
And smooth'st the front of black despair.

Chorus.

All hail, sweet power, who from the sky
Descending, seeks in glades below,
With glowing cheek and humid eye,
The chill abodes of want and woe.

III

Like fostering dews on Hermon's hill
She twofold blessings does impart,

And makes with equal rapture thrill,
The liberal hand and grateful heart.

Chorus.

To where Augusta's spires arise
Angels bore their sacred care,
Around the spot she cast her eyes,
And form'd her first asylum there.

IV

Whence like the sun, her rays around
Our happy Isle benignant gleam,
Nor does her influence meet its bound,
Where *Eske* with ocean joins its stream.

Chorus.

Swift as its stream, dispensing good
Without distinction, to its shores,
So charity's impartial flood
To all mankind her blessings pours.

V

Time, we have seen, from year to year
The cords of *union* * stronger draw,
Its sacred stamp our hearts still bear,
And still with love fraternal glow.

* The Union Society was established in the year 1767.

VI.

Then fill the rosy mantling glass,
In concert with the jocund strain,
And let the toast exulting pass,
'Long may love fraternal reign.'

Occasional Chorus.

"Now let every brother join
"In the cheerful festive song,
"So philanthropy divine
"The years of Union shall prolong.

EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

I.

On a subject extensive bestow some attention,
Of masons let all make respectable mention,
They're paterns to science, protectors of arts,
And friendship and harmony dwell in their hearts;
All powers mechanic, plum, level and square,
Demonstrate most plainly a freemason's care;
And the compass perpetually puts him in mind,
To deal honest and fair by the whole of minkind.

Chorus.

From Heaven descended the noble design,
Its origin glorious, because 'tis divine.,

II.

In Eden's blest grove the first grand lodge was held,
Where brethren angelic to Adam reveal'd,
Each secret masonic, each sign of our art.
And he wore them indelibly stampt on his heart;
Adam fell it is true, but his brethren above,
His error beheld with compassion and love;
Then patience, sweet seraph, flew down to his breast,
And by counsel celestial restored him to rest.

From Heaven, &c.

III.

No order like this has antiquity's claim,
No order so grand in the annals of fame;
And the five mighty orders of proud architecture,
Originate all from the heavenly lecture;
Which lore scientific in every age,
Was taught and preserv'd by the grave and the sage,
And kings, lords, and princes were seldom content,
Till they ask'd and were told what Freemasonry meant.

From Heaven, &c.

IV.

The Fair we adore, to soft beauty we bend,
The delicate sex we with pleasure defend;
Which though it may sometimes most hazardous prove,
Yet still they o'erpay us by virtue and love;
And now may each brother in age or in youth,
Prove himself a true brother by justice and truth;
Diffusing benevolence still be his plan,
And may honour and charity finish the man.

From Heaven, &c

MASONIC HYMN,

Sung at the Lion Lodge, Whitby, on St. John the Evangelist's day, 1802.

Full Chorus.

Holy, holy, holy Lord,
With trembling be thy name ador'd,
To thee eternal praise be given,
Omniscient architect of heaven.

I.

At whose behest the thunders cease,
Through Heaven's vast region all is peace,
When from the cloud a voice came forth,
That call'd creation into birth,
"Let there be light" the Almighty said,
And light the universe o'erspread,
Their golden harps the angels strike again,
And vocal seraphs join the sacred strain.

Holy, holy, holy Lord, &c.

II.

Affrighted chaos quickly fled,
And order rear'd its beauteous head;

The burning regent of the day,
The orb that sheds her midnight ray,
The planets as through space they roll,
And form the parts of one vast whole,
The numerous stars that through the concave
shine,
Seem all to *chant* in harmony divine.

Holy, holy, holy Lord, &c.

III.

Nor did the course of goodness cease,
When Heaven had form'd its master-piece;
From the dark bosom of the earth,
Its potent voice bade man come forth;
With face sublime he view'd the sky,
And mov'd in graceful Majesty;
The teeming earth, the blue revolving flood,
The great Creator view'd and saw that all was
good.

Holy, holy, holy Lord, &c.

IV.

Eventful time roll'd swiftly on,
Till rul'd by warlike David's Son,
Israel beheld with raptur'd eyes,
The domes of Solyma arise,

The work of Hiram's skilful hand,
Majestic towering o'er the land ;
Zadock the priest led forth the tuneful train,
And Zion's daughter join'd the swelling strain.
Holy, holy, holy Lord, &c.

V.

Let then fraternal love prevail,
And envy shall in vain assail ;
Our actions by religion square,
For holier mysteries prepare ;
So, vice by us with strength oppos'd,
When this terrestrial lodge is clos'd,
We may by three degrees ascend the skies,
And join the blest accord with heavenly
melodies.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord, &c.

Denied, by cruelty, his last desires,
The *friend of France* by Frenchmen's hands expires.

See yonder* towers, within whose gloomy cells,
Prey to despair, the royal mourner dwells;
Behold with sorrow grey and haggard mien,
Her, once by Europe hail'd fair beauty's queen!

Bending in grief, her intellectual eye,
On the sad grave where *Louis'* relics lie:
Those poor remains, were more than savage rage,
With the cold corpse ignoble war could wage.

O *Orleans!* hated scourge of human-kind,
Thou mass of crimes and cowardice combin'd,
Tremble, thou wretch, when vengeance shall arise,
And awful justice claim her sacrifice:

The ghosts of those, who to the scaffold led,
For steady faith and unstain'd honour bled,
Shall scream around, to aggravate thy doom,
And bid thee tremble at the world to come.

Land of dishonour, † ever more farewel,
Let infamy thy future annals tell.

* The Temple † France.

Rising sublime, above the wave-worn strand,
See the white cliffs of *Albion's* happy land.

Hail native shore ! where freemen guard the
throne,
And the mild Monarch makes their cause his own :
Long may the beams of heaven upon thee shine,
And well-earn'd honours be for ever thine.

Long feel the blessings that from union flow,
And bid the *son* * repeat the father's † blow ;
It shall be so— by ocean's god's decree,
Britannia wields the trident of the sea.

Exulting Nereids, from their pearly caves,
Rise and surround the monarch of the waves,
Glad Tritons sound their shells, and join the strain,
Britannia rules the waves, sole regent of the main.

* Mr. Pitt. † The late Lord Chatham.

ODE

For the Anniversary of the Union Society at Whitby, 1791.

I

The transient joys of love and wine
No more the bard enraptur'd sings,
To nobler strains, to themes divine,
Again he wakes the sounding strings.

II

Heaven's own semblance charity,
Soother kind of human care,
Thou who set'st the captive free,
And smooth'st the front of black despair.

Chorus.

All hail, sweet power, who from the sky
Descending, seeks in glades below,
With glowing cheek and humid eye,
The chill abodes of want and woe.

III

Like fostering dews on Hermon's hill
She twofold blessings does impart,

And makes with equal rapture thrill,
The liberal hand and grateful heart.

Chorus.

To where Augusta's spires arise
Angels bore their sacred care,
Around the spot she cast her eyes,
And form'd her first asylum there.

IV

Whence like the sun, her rays around
Our happy Isle benignant gleam,
Nor does her influence meet its bound,
Where *Eske* with ocean joins its stream.

Chorus.

Swift as its stream, dispensing good
Without distinction, to its shores,
So charity's impartial flood
To all mankind her blessings pours.

V

Time, we have seen, from year to year
The cords of *union* * stronger draw,
Its sacred stamp our hearts still bear,
And still with love fraternal glow.

* The Union Society was established in the year 1767.

But harmony, spleen and ill-nature displace,
Old Care he is dead,
And mirth reigns in his stead;
So your glasses all charge, while we make the
roof ring,
With *a health to our Brethren—Long life to the King.*

SONG,

Sung at Scarborough, when the Right Honourable Earl Tyrconnel, and the Honourable Colonel Phipps were chosen in 1790, *to represent that Borough in Parliament.*

Tune, Social powers.

I.

Should once more the torch of war,
By haughty Spain be lighted,
Honour calls on England's sons,
To see their country righted.

Chorus.

Should the world in arms again,
Form the base alliance,
Britannia's trump from shore to shore,
Shall echo stern defiance.

II.

To health restor'd the best of Kings,
Shall join his Country's glory,
And victory on crimson wings,
Shall tower in future story.
Should the world, &c.

III.

Faction to her deepest shade,
With party base retires,
And Whig and Tory Patriots made,
Combine their martial fires.
Should the world, &c.

IV.

Let the Quixote King of Spain,
" To arms, ye Dons"—resound, sir,
Concord with her golden chain,
Britannia's Sons has bound, sir.
Should the world, &c.

V.

Old Rome, who gave imagin'd right,
May aid him with her thunder ;
Alas, poor Spain, the triple crown,
To Britain must knock under.
Should the world, &c.

VI.

To him who rais'd us from despair,
May all our thanks be voted ;
And Pitt, the nation's firmest friend,
For ever be supported.
Should the world, &c.

VII.

Electors all, on you I call,
To ratify your choice, sirs;
Then let each member's health go round,
I'll pledge with heart and voice, sirs.
Should the world, &c.

VIII.

Long life and health our Monarch crown,
May Pitt maintain his station;
Success attend the port and town,
And health the corporation.
Should the world, &c.

IX.

Let the world in arms once more,
Form the base alliance;
United Britain's frowning shore,
Shall send forth stern defiance.
Should the world, &c.

SONG

Where Nature sheds her sweets around,

(Set to Music by Dignum.)

I.

Where nature sheds her sweets around,
And cultivation gilds the ground,
  See friendship's mansion rise,
But though its sweets perfume the air,
And Eden seems to blossom there,
  Yet more must meet the skies.

II.

It does, and we with rapture see,
Thy moisten'd hand, sweet charity,
  Hold forth what God has giv'n;
There warm benevolence we find,
Expansive as the owner's mind,
  Prepares the soul for heav'n.

SONG,

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN FOR EVER.

Turn out, honey-bairns, and get down to the sand,
Where they say those d—nd Frenchmen are going to land;
They'll cut all our weazons, and twist round our craggs,
If we don't take up firelocks and scorn all their brags.
Derry down.

Those fouters have grinders and bellies like sharks,
And like other fish, have neither breeches nor sarks;
So come, lads, turn out, he who stands to consider,
Has the heart of a coven, and soul of a flidder.
Derry down.

Those Frenchmen to catch us a long time have waited,
And now we are told all their hooks are fresh baited;
Well, let them come on then, those curse-mother dogs,
They will find English lobsters a match for French frogs.
Derry down.

Though like Herrings those fellows come over in shoals,
They'll find us as firm and as slipping as soals;

Like thornbacks we'll prick 'em, like dog-fish we'll bite,
Like barnacles stick, and like sword-fish we'll fight.
Derry down.

Some threaten like sea-gulls to come through the sky,
While some grampas-mounted, through ocean will fly;
Some will march at the bottom oblique like a crab,
If they make us their butt, we will give 'em a dab.
Derry down.

Let the rashness of France with Dutch-courage combine.
While we all pull together, they'll ne'er break our line;
For from their own shoals should those dog-fish once stray,
They'll never reach Whitby we'll keep 'em at Bay.
Derry down.

Then take up the keg bairns and drink out at bung,
I hope you're not tir'd with the ditty I've sung;
Nor Albion's old claims on the sea e'er forget,
But catch those French fish in a strong English net.
Derry down.

SONG, PEGGY DOBSON.

DIRECTIONS FOR BECK-HOLE.

"West of this place, down in the neighbouring bottom,
"The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
"Left on your right hand, leads you to the place
"Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
"Upon the brook that brawls along the wood,
"To the which place, a poor sequester'd hare,
"That from the Beagle's bite had ta'en a hurt,
"Did come to languish———
"But at this hour, the house doth keep itself;
"There's none within."

Shakespeare's "As you like it."

I.

From London, Newcastle, Bay-wyke, Fylingdales,
Ye bobs, and ye bushes, ye crops, and ye tails,
Ye doctors, ye lawyers, fine ladies, and all,
You are welcome to taste the good things at Beck-hole.

Derry down.

II.

Peggy Dobson's hotel had of late an ill name,
And neighbours e'en said that old Peggy was game;
But for all their vile censures she cares not a farthing,
Since her character's white-wash'd by good Justice Harding.

Derry down.

III.

She has paid Scot and Lot, truly, time out of mind,
And never before like a culprit was fin'd :
But her licence renew'd, she their spite can defy,
Since no one can say black's the white of her eye.
Derry down.

IV.

She's as gay as a lark, though a widow good lack,
For her spouse, goodman Roger is laid on his back,
By death he was spy'd as he sat at his stall,
Who depriv'd him of life, apron, lapstone and awl.
Derry down.

V.

Now he's gone and at length we may hope he's at rest,
He has left all his pegs and the Peg he lov'd best;
For though tough was his strap, he would never like Jobson,
Apply't to the back of his dear Peggy Dobson.
Derry down.

VI.

No longer so blythe in his workshop he whistles,
For death with rude hands has smooth'd Roger's bristles;
For the soals of the parish, much care has he shewn,
And we hope that he has not neglected his own.
Derry down.

VII.

Life's like an old shoe, when all service is past,
Like it we must come to an end at the *last*;
And though our old host was a comical cojer,
We will drink *bon repos* and adieu to poor Roger.
Derry down.

VIII.

Peggy mourn'd a full quarter to be in the fashion,
Then her weeds she laid by for another occasion;
She thought it in vain to be sighing and weeping,
So she dry'd up her eyes and took *Nelson* in keeping.
Derry down.

IX.

We fear not the Frenchmen approaching our shore,
While the hero of Egypt mounts guard at the door;
But let them come on, all their efforts we scorn,
For we'll thrash 'em as lately we thrash'd out our corn.
Derry down.

X.

Then fill all your glasses, let each honest soul,
Drink success to old Peggy's hotel at Beck-hole;
In chorus united, we'll make the woods ring,
With health to brave *Nelson* and God save the King.
Derry down.

SONG, ABBY DAY.

I.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like Abby Day, sir;
She has a kind and gentle heart,
And never says man, nay, sir.

II.

Let Scarbro' boast her cock-ey'd Jin,
And York her hopping chicken;
Yet scamps and Bag-men always found,
At Whitby better picking.

III.

Her father he makes hempen twine,
For pilfring rogues to die in;
Her mother she makes night caps fine,
For gentle folks to lie in.

IV.

With might and main in Dowlass cot,
When moon and stars shone brightest;
This amorous pair the fair begot,
This girl of rips the tightest.

V.

With worthless pence of Birmingham,
The soldiers they deceive her;
Attorneys too with amorous flame,
They run away and leave her.

VI.

But when once more from Greenland seas,
Each lad comes to his honey;
They'll scorn such red-coat arts as these,
And pay us in good money.

VII.

Great gentlemen who quarter arms,
With Kings and Queens by dozens;
Have felt the force of Abby's charms,
And so have all their cousins.

IX.

For she can boast a pedigree,
As well as royal madam;
And though she's now of low degree,
She sprung from father Adam.

X.

Justices use her like a turk,
Or toad beneath a harrow;

We'd better go to alum work,
And at them wheel a barrow.

XI.

They quite forget the days of yore,
And are grown wonderous crabby;
Then in gin twist we'll drink once more,
Success to Whitby *Abby*.

VII.

Electors all, on you I call,
To ratify your choice, sirs;
Then let each member's health go round,
I'll pledge with heart and voice, sirs.
Should the world, &c.

VIII.

Long life and health our Monarch crown,
May Pitt maintain his station;
Success attend the port and town,
And health the corporation.
Should the world, &c.

IX.

Let the world in arms once more,
Form the base alliance;
United Britain's frowning shore,
Shall send forth stern defiance.
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SONG

Where Nature sheds her sweets around,

(Set to Music by Dignum.)

I.

Where nature sheds her sweets around,
And cultivation gilds the ground,
  See friendship's mansion rise,
But though its sweets perfume the air,
And Eden seems to blossom there,
  Yet more must meet the skies.

II.

It does, and we with rapture see,
Thy moisten'd hand, sweet charity,
  Hold forth what God has giv'n;
There warm benevolence we find,
Expansive as the owner's mind,
  Prepares the soul for heav'n.

ADDRESS,

Spoken at the Theatre at Whitby, in the character of a

MIDSHIPMAN.

What cheer my heartys—Ladies, I am yours,
And though too early to commence amours,
With hand and heart I'll cheerfully prepare
To serve my country, and protect the fair,
No longer trudge with shining face to school,
There to be call'd a blockhead, and a fool;
The formidable birch no longer dread,
That oft has threatened this devoted head,
From its smart strokes I ever scorn'd to flinch,
But learnt by being drubb'd, to drub the French;
I've nothing now my ardent hopes to check,
Eager to mount a frigate's quarter deck,
There strut about, a royal African,
For so Jack Oakum calls a midshipman;
I see you laugh—and "little urchin," cry,
Well what of that—Nelson's not six feet high,

With beef and biscuit fed, I'll soon grow bigger,
And hope like him to cut a dashing figure;
Ne'er lag in either French or Spaniards wake,
But fir'd by his example sink or take;
And should success my warmest wishes crown,
I yet may see another Camperdown;
O! should I share in such a glorious day,
Or at St. Vincent's, or in Biscay's Bay,
I'll do my best in such a glorious cause,
To serve my king and merit your applause.

ADDRESS,

After the representation of Strenshall Abbey.

As those returning from the changeful sea,
Behold with joy their port beneath the Lee;
Where having weather'd every adverse blast,
With tranquil heart they view the dangers past;
Thus so the bards, unvers'd in dramatic lore,
Who try the path where numbers fail'd before;
Imagination to their aching eyes,
Bid peril in all forms before them rise;
Here ghosts of hapless poets line the road,
Whose darken'd brows their own misfortunes bode;
There wits conspire to damp the rising flame,
And surly critics guard the gates of fame;
While pallid envy, foe to all who write,
Prepares her darts beneath the clouds of night;
And calumny collects her sable host,
To wade through dirt and darkness to the post;
The post convenient, vehicle of spleen,
Engine of malice which she works unseen;
Like Indians shrinking from he face of day,
From the close thicket she marks out her prey;

To foes like those what authors can reply,
Who first condemn and then the culprit try;
As those grave judges, who in days of yore,
Would drown the sybil, then her fame restore;
O'er these let dark oblivion cast her seal,
To this tribunal lies the best appeal;
A court which scorning prejudice's train,
Applauds with spirit and condemns with pain;
Can stamp a value on the dubious mass,
Pronounce it sterling coin, and bid it pass;
Of this enough—the pigmy warfare o'er,
Even envy sleeps, and malice grins no more;
Superiour scenes the anxious mind engage,
Where royal actors mount the world's great stage;
When sweeping time on blood-stain'd pinions flies,
And proud distinction with the monarch dies;
When martial music drowns the sounds of woe,
And Glory bids the sanguine Torrent flow.
What horrors did the parting year assume,
Then bleak November came with tenfold gloom;
When the imperial tyrant of the north,
Prepar'd to cast the three fork'd lightning forth;

Then he whose cannon shook the Lybian shore,
To frozen climes Britannia's thunder bore;
And Scandinavia saw in floods of fire,
Her hopes of future victories expire.
Let the false medal* tell the flattering tale,
Yet truth immutable will still prevail;
Struck by her rays the fancied laurels fade,
And Denmark's armed hero sinks in shade;
Now spent the storm, all hostile thunders cease,
Ambition bids the world repose in peace;
Yet still his grateful country drops a tear,
And decks with palm her Abercrombie's bier;
Who in his country's cause resign'd his breath,
And crown'd with victory smil'd like Wolf in death;
Illustrious chieftains, who shall long inspire,
Each British bosom with your martial fire;
While history's unstain'd—an impartial page,
Our naval trophies bears from age to age;
Still may confirm'd our hard-gain'd rights remain,
And still the queen of isles reign sovereign of the main.

* The Danes struck a medal in memory of their Victory !!! at Copenaghen !

ON PASSING ROSEBERRY TOPPING.

Supreme amongst the towering hills that shade
Sweet Cleveland's fertile vale, see Roseberry
Rearing its rocky front against the north;
Gently inclining to the peaceful south.
So stands the man with generous spirits fraught
Superior to adversity's keen blast;
Viewing with pity, the distainful eye
Of opulence unmerited—The curling lip
Of titled insignificance—The scorn
Of little knaves in office—while the sun
Of true religion, on his features plays,
And all th' expanded soul lies open to its rays.

SKIDDAW.

Hail! king of mountains, whose majestic form,
Serenely smiles upon the gathering storm;
That thund'ring send from Lowdor's haughty brow,
A flashing torrent to the lake below;

Emblem sublime of Britain's regal state,
Superb, though mild, beneficent, yet great;
See Borrowdale's black jaws tremendous yawn,
Where sits the anarch on his tottering throne;
Where rocks on rocks in dread confusion hurl'd,
Seem the rude fragments of a shatter'd world,
Ill fated France in this thy portrait view,
Thy frantic chiefs might own the semblance true;
But may Britannia's sons through ages see,
Her state O Skiddaw, great and firm like thee.

ON RECEIVING A PORTRAIT

Of the late Lord Mulgrave; done by Gainsbrough.

Welcome dear 'semblance of my noble friend,
Whose virtues all the powers of paint transcend;
Yet when the animated form I view,
What Praise, O Gainsbrough's, to thy merit due;
Thou inspir'd copier of nature's plan,
When she exulting cry'd— " Behold a Man;"
Methinks I see glanc'd on the naval band,
That eye " like Mars to threaten and command,"
Stern where its beams by worthless pride call'd forth,
Yet mild as summer's Suns it shone on worth;
Tho lost the friend, yet still we hail his form,
In all the tints of magic colouring warm;
Immortal artist, every praise be thine,
Who could'st portray the Soul of Constantine.

EPIGRAM.

Physic for the Mind.

A sprig of physic, fresh from Aberdeen,
Who little of the world abroad had seen;
Asks Ratclif how he soonest might attain,
The gilded chariot and the clouded cane;
" The road is this (the surly veteran cries)
" Turn atheist, and the fools will think you wise;
Young Galen took the hint, with sapient air,
No longer talks of Munro, but Voltaire.
A Son of Neptune something worse for wear,
Sends for the doctor to o'erhaul his geer,
Who holding ancient practice in disdain,
His patient plies with nostrums of quack Paine;
" Doctor, says Jack, you've quite mistook your call,
" Patch up my carcase, but keep off my soul,
" You've taught me doubts, I therefore doubt your
skill,
" For hell I'm not prepar'd—Send in your bill."

DOMESTIC SCENES

at York.

Old Shakespeare asserts there's been time out of mind,
A priv'lege to poets and faries confin'd,
To be vested with egress and regress at ease,
Into palace or cottage whenever they please:
A chink's a church dooor to these mystical plyers,
And a key-hole as wide, as an arch at Blackfryers;
Through crevice and blind, those impertinents peep,
No garrets too high, nor no cellars too deep;
O what would Charles Fox for this previlege give,
He'd be in the Exchequer as sure as I live;
So don't wonder, dear cuz, in the course of the work,
If I make just as free with the fur-gowns of York,
As to glide through the rooms where their worships are nested,
And tell how last night they and spouses have rested;

Had he not been prepar'd with a drop of good
drink,
His lordship the mayor had not rested a wink;
But the health of his highness and those of his train
Vulgo dict, had agreeably bother'd his brain;
In Morpheus' embraces the magistrate lay,
Full of juice and the part to be acted next day,
What wig he would wear, how begin the address,
How is consequence best on the prince to impress,
Fancy flew for instruction to works of all nations;
From Edmund's deep speeches, to Tully's orations
In short he's been plagu'd so, with verbs, nouns,
and tenses,
That he now keeps his bed to recover his senses.
To an alderman* second in rank we repair,
Who weary with standing behind the great chair;
In case of his legs, all at once stepped in,
And his napkin transferr'd from his arm to his chin:
He never had spent such a night in his life;
But could nothing determine without his dear wife,

* He had been a waiter.

Resolv'd in his cares she should be a patraker,
He gave her a jog and in vain try'd to wake her—
Thus the alderman open'd—I think my dear spouse,
As his highness is pleas'd to accept of our house,
In return for the honour—" Would your highness
but please,
Cries madam " To taste my mouton á la caise ;
I tell you, my dear, in return for this action—
" Your highness I hope will receive satisfaction ;
" In what I've the honour to place now before
you "—
Zounds, woman, awake, attend to my story.
Well madam awak'd in the greatest surprize,
And said, my dear love, I can scarce trust my eyes ;
I thought with the prince I'd a long interview,
But I'm happy to find, my dear love, that its you.
Ambition in dreams was exerting his power,
O'er the council-man's wife Mrs. Stilton next door,
Fancy gallop'd away with her senses delighted,
To that happy day when her spouse should be
knighted ;

O how charming the sound, when the folks should
accost her,
My lady, a pound if you please of best Gloster,
And the females shall hope, as their curtsey they
drop her,
That her ladyship gives all the change in good
copper;
While behind t'other counter Sir Ralph looks as big,
In his snuff colour'd coat and his lovely new wig;
And swears by his knight-hood the butter is sweet;
But if full approbation the lot does not meet,
He will open the firkin that stands next the street.

THE CHURCH WARDEN'S FEAST *at York.*

Says doctor so rosy, a friend to the bottle,
If you will be govern'd by me;
Every dry soul amongst you shall well warm his throttle,
So now let us quickly agree.

Turn your peepers above to those Jerkins of iron,
Suppose they were sent to the tinner;
Those Jerkins the Scots in old times us'd to fire on,
Will find us a devilish good dinner.
And none of their owners from slumbers shall rouze,
To frighten good souls from their mutton and booze.*

Like ostriches we can digest this old armour,
On scullcaps and gauntlets we'll dine;
They will fill us with courage yet fiercer and warmer,
Than even a glass of good wine.

* Drink.

The shields shall supply us with beef and good
mutton,
For church-wardens ne'er should grow thinner;
The spears shall be spits, rumps and sirloins to put on
At the next jovial vestry dinner.
Then let antiquarians bestow their abuse,
No matter, while we have our guttle and booze.

But alas, how short sighted is wit of church-wardens,
An Eagle of brass was forgot;
For had they but caught him, I'd bet twenty
farthings,
He'd gone as right game unto pot.

But ah welladay, the grand bird's flown away,
And is perch'd where the mayor does repose;
From his bible and prayer-book he keeps them at
bay,
And mounts guard with his beak and his claws.

ADDRESS

To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Whitby, spoken at the Theatre by Mr. Ferizer, 1787.

When Rich to please a vain capricious age,
With fiends and monsters fill'd the motly stage;
False taste to Shakespeare's muse, no homage paid,
But folly's banners were on high display'd;
On Juliet's woes none drop't the generous tear,
And unregarded pass'd Ophelia's bier;
Hoarse Richard quits his horse, and sad sits mute,
To the lascivious pleasing of the lute;
No more Old Jack, * with laughter shakes the dome,
But quaffs his sack, and breaks his jests at home;
Enchanting pantomime o'erspread the land,
Till Garrick quell'd it with Old Prosper's wand;
'Twas then with Shakespeare, England's genius rose,
To hurl destruction on her treach'rous foes;

* I am at Bath; Quin. Stay there and be d—nd; Rich.

Victorious Hawke her pointed thunders bore,
Till Gallia trembled to her utmost shore;
In ocean's bosom, sunk the Royal Sun,*
And each returning day brought news of battles won;
Think not, though clouded; Britain's genius fled,
Depress'd awhile—She rears her awful head;
No nation yet— That thought each bosom warms,
E'er rose so glorious from a world in arms;
Our band no aid from Italy then drew,
'Twas hearts of oak, and "glorious ninety two."
What British bosom but must transport feel,
To see Old George amidst his tars at Deal;
While 'Rule Britannia' made the welkin ring,
"I love my Sailors," cry'd the good old king;
Hail Rodney—long shall Bourbon mourn the stain,
Langara's doom, De Grasse's captive chain;
The Mural crown on Elliot's brow shall shew,
No want of chiefs t'avenge her on the foe;

* Soleil Royal.

Now pride, pomp, circumstance of war are fled,
And meek-ey'd peace uprears her gentle head;
Fair commerce, science, the Parnassian train,
Mark the mild glories of a Brunswick's reign;
Least of that train, we join our humble aid,
To give to Nature's portraits' light and shade;
Happy to raise the laugh, excite the tear,
Or strike one wrinkle from the brow of care.

TO A COUNTRY MANAGER.

O say what title pleases best thine ear,
Brentford's half king, or humbler garreteer;
Or if the cur-like appelation suits,
Long mayst thou reign, *great mastiff*, prince of
brutes;
Instead of copper crown the collar wear,
And make thy humble puppies crouch through fear
Enough of this—If gratitude has charms,
O take the long lost stranger to thy arms;
Think, when thy Pegasus was at a stand,
How oft has Nelson* lent a helping hand;
Sunk deep in Bathos, while the yawning pit,
waited in vain for some new stroke of wit;
Oft has that Orpheus made the hackney move,
And call'd forth thunder from the Gods above;
And while we nodded o'er the hard-strain'd pun,
The fidler finish'd what the player begun:
—In vino veritas the butler says,
True lingo, and good wine shall have its praise;

* A Country Fidler.

From Garrick's vaults we draw the juice divine ;
But can we justly fix that seal on thine ?
Thy threats alas, resemble more small beer,
Though brisk, yet weak, though thin, yet never
clear ;
But when for beer we pay the price of wine,
We surely are not bound to call it fine ;
Yet Diggory cries, " you have no taste, ye fools ;"
Down with it Pit and Gallery, or he howls.
But why in dog-days wilt thou quit thy den,
Think of the dangers that await thee then ;—
Some sullen justice, of the office glad,
May chain thee up, and cry the dog is mad,
Or surly critic vindicate the town,
And for a strolling nuisance, knock thee down.

To Billy Bustle, or

ADDRESS II. TO THE COUNTRY MANAGER.

Dear Bil'y, didst thou never see,
(I spea by way of simile,)
A squirrel spend its useless rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage;
And as he treads on each cross wire,
Fancies he still is mounting higher;
But after all his daily pains,
Poor scug at bottom still remains;
'Tis thus he works within the ring,
A busy, bustling, useless thing.
I think it was in sixty nine,
When you and I began to shine;
Not in that literary dome,
Whose opaque windows shed a gloom;
On him, who rul'd both high and low,
With cane, and cat* and Jubeo, †

* Of nine tails. † I command.

No, we were form'd to please the fair,
With coat of mode and plaster'd hair;
We thought no more of Euclid's plan,
A tailor was a greater man;
Still more to gain the ladies' hearts,
In scribbling we must shew our parts;
Now hobble forth acrostics lame,
To each enraptur'd fair one's name;
And Rebus by compulsion brings,
Two of the most discordant things;
Like a French ploughman when in tether,
Jack-ass and pig he yokes together;
Enigma too, when solv'd its charm,
We've broke our tooth and found a worm;
With smart charades for fopling fit,
Those biles upon the tail of wit;
Nay, sure as sucking pigs can squeak,
We make impromptus in a week;
But Billy nearly now at age,
At thirty three commences sage;
Joins the self-praising learned few,
Admirers of what's call'd *virtu'*;

From it collects in Phrases plenty,
What's fit to form a *cognoscenti:*
Talks of the tints of Angelo,*
How bold great Raphael's† out lines flow;
Of Rembrant's ‡ equal light and shade,
On the smooth ground so gently laid;
Next mild Salvator's § soften'd line,
Where all in sweet repose combine;
Hemskirk's ‖ madonas form'd to charm,
With Teniers' ¶ saints, in clouring warm,
Then Holbien's** bold reliefs proclaims,
Just ready to start from their frames;
Where bluff old Hal, with martial frown,
Seems quite prepar'd to knock you down,
But don't suppose that Billy's brains,
Nought but the painter's brush contains;

* Angelo's colouring is nearly effaced, he excelled in composition and outline.

† Rapheal's tints are more permanent, but he oft left the outlines of inferior figures to be filled up by his scholars.

‡ Rembrandt's paintings are all rough and quite in oscuro.

§ Salavator excelled in wild scenery, as storms, ship-wrecks, rocks and woods, with banditti.

‖ Hemskirk never painted any thing but drunken dutch boors dancing in a kitchen.

¶ Teniers forte was in witches and devils.

** Holbien's portraits though strong likenesses, are remarkably flat.

He, skill'd in every liberal art;
Hath Hayley's rhiming plays at heart,
And modern dramæ, friends to sleep,
Who sweetly o'er the senses creep;
Whose soporific powers alone,
Can give relief to gout and stone.
But Billy's caution leads the way,
"Pray what do the reviewers say,"
Those awful arbiters of wit,
Who self-enthron'd in judgment sit,
And from their cloud-capt seats condemn,
Those bards who dare dissent from them;
To those he bows—Those chiefs of letters,
And never speaks before his betters.
But, Billy, do not be too nice,
But take for once a friend's advice;
In virtu' never seek for fame,
Nor hunt in shade to gain a name;
This is too late, alas, t' incumber,
Thy upper story with learned lumber;
Sweep dilettanti stuff from thence,
And in its place take common sense

But if advice thou wilt despise,
And still wilt read, still criticize ;
Contempt must let thee take thy swing,
A busy, bustling, worthless thing.

ON SOLOMON'S

Interview with the Queen of Sheba.

When rays divine on Isra'l's kingdom shone,
And David's offspring fill'd its splendid throne,
In solemn state the sapient king appear'd,
By subjects honour'd, and by strangers fear'd;
Their wrinkled brows with ancient laurels crown'd,
His father's warriors form'd a steely round;
In snowy robes with golden fillets grac'd!—
The hoary elders next in order plac'd—
With mute attention heard the words of truth,
And wisdom's dictates from the lips of youth;
Religion then her purest offering made,
And justice pure the golden sceptre sway'd;
The people blest unbought applauses bring,
And the whole nation cry'd, Long live the king.
Loud sound the trumpet! lo the sable queen,
In pearly state is slow advancing seen;
She who her realms beneath the burning line,
Forsook to worship at true wisdom's shrine;

In either hand a beauteous wreath she bore,
Where bloom'd the semblance of the garden's store;
Yet one alone arose from parent earth,
The other ow'd to human art its birth;
With graceful ease she rais'd them to her breast,
And in those words th'attentive Prince address'd;
" Behold, O King, those rival garlands fair,
" Whose varied hues their equal tinges share;
" Thou, who all nature's treasures mak'st thy own,
" And all her workings to the world hast shown;
" Whose pen hath dignify'd the cedar tall,
" Nor scorn'd the hyssop creeping on the wall;
" Now view those well, and then to me impart,
" Which is the work of nature, which of art?"
With piercing eye the king the garlands view'd,
But found the power of judging quite subdu'd.

THE TEARS OF SWITZERLAND.

(Applicable to the state to which England would be reduced, in case of a successful invasion by the French.)

How blasted now, how chang'd my state,
How fall'n from glory and renown;
No more I'm mark'd fair freedom s seat,
No more my sons are called her own.

Fair freedom from my sons is fled,
Fled, in some happier clime to reign;
And low they droop, and bow the head,
Beneath stern Gallia's galling chain.

Long they for me like patriots fought,
And stood, though on all sides assail'd;
For me and freedom wonders wrought,
But Fate and Gallia prevail'd.

How are they sunk! upon my dales;
No virgin's heard to pour her lay,

Nor pastoral pipe within my vales,
Nor shepherd's song to cheer my day.

But sadness dwells in every breast;
Complaints and sighs from every vale,
Of virgins wrong'd, and swains oppress'd,
Sound mournfully upon the gale.

The maid bemoans the piteous case,
Sighs, beats her breast, and sits forlorn;
The youth (some tyrant's train to grace)
She loved, from her embrace is torn.

Does not thy patriot bosom swell,
Where thou sitt'st in immortal day,
To see thy country, thus, O TELL!*
Of Gallia's lawless sons the prey?

Infuse thy soul in some bold heart,
That he may rise all great like thee;
Again my freedom to assert,
And hail me from oppression free.

* WILLIAM TELL one of the first assertors of HELVETIC liberty, who shot an an Apple from his Son's head, and slew the tyrant GRIESLER.

TO A

COUNTRY THEATRICAL MANAGER.

'T has long been mark'd by sage philosopher,
Society helps many a cross-over,
For when misfortunes throng about 'em,
They thank their stars none are without 'em.
The hapless wight whose ample nose is,
Longer than Elephant's Proboscis;
Comforts himself with this reflection,
"William, a Prince of Heaven's selection,
"To guard our liberties and laws,
"Was fam'd *like me* for length of nose.
"And he who looks nine ways at once,
"Though all the world proclaims him dunce,
"In wit as well as person sees,
"Jack Wilkes and he alike as Peas."
So when right shoulder mocks the other,
He views with scorn his humble brother,
And cries how fortunate this jump,
"Great Alexander bore a hump."

The Drunkard from his tavern reeling,
His ruby nose and visage feeling,
Says, " with a face that this resembled,
" Great Sylla frown'd and Romans trembled."
'Tis thus in writing Panegyric,
James C—l may resemble Garrick;
In Richard, Benedick, or Lear,
The likeness will prove faint I fear;
In pride and envy I allow,
The copy is exceeding true.

THE BARLEY GALLOWAYS;

A mock Heroic.

Remain, ye muses, on Parnassus' hill,
In Thetis' lap let Phœbus slumber still;
Far be the thoughts of aid from classic lore;
From humbler regions, I must help implore;
From bowers of poppy, sleepy blest abode,
Arise, great * Father of the birth day ode;
And thou the drowsy Goddess' favourite son,
Immortal Spirit of great Twisleton;
O hear my prayer, and lend a lift in time,
Your influence breathe, and make my dancing ryhme;
Like thine, O Skerry, run upon all four,
That critics smile, who never smil'd before;
O greet their ears with such harmonious tones,
As groaning Waggons rumbling o'er rough stones;

* Cibber.

To flowery Whitehead leave such trivial things,
As falling Empires, and contending Kings,
But say what discord dire from Barley-
carrying springs.

Where Eske, when swell'd by frequent hail and rain,
Rolls swift its tribute to the neighbouring main;
A sacred fane there stood in days of yore,
Where ancient dames repair'd to pray—or snore;
Its gilded spires they say were seen by few,
I knew them well—as every blindman knew;
But like the temple once—the clergy fled,
A most abandon'd tribe reign in their stead;
Where Scripture texts once purg'd away old leaven,
Now purging balls and diet drinks are given;
The Rostrum that did once its walls adorn,
Is now a reservoir of pilfer'd corn;
Where Mic's* soft voice once charm'd the listning ear,
You nothing now but neighing coursers hear.
Without, the nymphs of Cloacine dispense,
Ambrosial odours, grateful to the sense.

* M. B. many years Parish Clerk.

Along its walls the filth of all the town,
Dead dogs, cats, stones, and dirt, come tumbling
down;
Incessant is the noise upon the shore,
Where wenches wrangle, and where porters roar;
While dogs from dogs the pilfer'd bones purloin,
And men, cats, queans and boys the squalling
concert join.

THE

PARSON AND HIS COW.

A TALE *founded on fact.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE most rigid French critic will have no reason to be offended at the management of the following piece—The dullest French comedy could not be writ with more punctual observance of the rules of Aristotle; the ignorance or disdain of which have brought those obscure writers, Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher, &c. under the lash of that most candid and liberal of all critics, Voltaire.

In this humble eleve of that great master—unity of place is strictly observed—the whole business being transacted within a mile of the parson's house; the time comprised within the day; the plot likewise consisting of a beginning, a middle, and an end; viz. the beginning, the Cow's illness, and consultation thereupon; the middle, the incantation; and the end, the apotheosis of the parson and his Cow—to which as usual is tagged a grave sentence, telling the audience what perhaps they never knew before—

THAT WE ARE ALL MORTAL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PARSON ADAMS—An honest worthy divine, a little hot, but soon cooled, very fond of his parish, his king, and a snug game at whist.

JOHN DELVER—A grave knowing old farmer; who had gone through the arduous offices of constable, overseer, and church-warden, with clean hands and the esteem of the parish.

BACON THOMPSON—A wiseman—The seventh son of a seventh son, which is a sufficient diploma to practice the art and mystery of physic and divination.

CROMIE the Cow—This fair one, first saw the light on the Grampian Hills in Scotland, and like many of her countrymen travelling South, fixed her abode in the fertile vale of Cleveland, where she has produc'd many fine calves—Some of which have been disposed of to great advantage.

Hostess—Maids—Ghost of Tutor—Gods, &c.

THE

PARSON AND HIS COW.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

CANTO I.

O my Colley my Cow, my Colley my Cow,
My Colley is dead, we shall ha ne milk now. OLD BALLAD.

No feats of heroes, highwaymen, or kings,
The buskin'd muse in lofty numbers sings;
With cypress crown'd, to deep domestic woe
She bids the melancholy numbers flow.
Genius of Twisleton, inspire each line,
And let them glide as dull and deep as thine;
On dozing reader's fancy be imprest
The verse, that gently lulls the soul to rest.

O hapless Eas—ng—n, thy pastor weep,
Who sunk in grief, regardless of his sheep;
As in his ears false fancy sounds her lowe,
Cries out—"Ye Gods, restore to me my Cow.

Dear Betty* Smales, how fatal was the day
When Hymen bore thee from those climes away;
Hads't thou been here and deign'd t'afford relief,
Thy charms or verse had sooth'd a Flamen's grief;
Poor Cromie's† Epitaph in Diary's page,
Had puzzled half the witlings of the age,
Who all had sworn, while doubt obscur'd each line,
No Cow was ever sung in lays like thine.

But soft, let me describe the fatal morn,
When Cromie was to dark oblivion borne;
Night with her spectre train retir'd apace,
And Phœbus yok'd his steeds to take her place;
Aurora in her sober vestment clad,
Cry'd, "Sleep no more" to every village lad;
Uprose the rustic train, from rest more gay,
Save but their care-worn priest, who sleepless lay,
Turning from side to side, and yawning, "wou'd
"'t were day."

Yet with that day, no joy to him arose,
And e'en the sun shone in to mock his woes;

* Vid. Ladies' Diary.

* Harmonious sister of the Pythian Maid,
Whose oracles like thine were wrapt in shade,
Where Smoke-jacks, Mousetraps, Frost, Heat, Sunshine, Storms,
All club their parts the strutting verse to form.

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" O hide thy face, bright Phœbus, come not here,
" On byer* shine where no disease is near;
" Or if thou wilt, send thy all-healing son†
" To save my Cromie, ere her race be run.

Thus spoke the priest, and from the creaking bed
Rear'd his gigantic limbs, and aching head;
Hardly the hose and doublet did invest
His manly form, ere with his fears imprest,
He to the floor apply'd his ponderous heel,
To know from hostess of his Cromie's weal.
Hostess appears—Lord what's the matter now—
" Tell me, Oh tell me, how you find my Cow;
" Answer me quick"—' Good sir, a moment stop,
' I'se tell ye all, we've sent to Y——n's shop,
' Drug after drug has been apply'd in vain,
' Not Mally Marsingale‡ could ease her pain;
All earthly means for certain we employ,
But nought can save her now but doctor L—y.§

Not a poor poet, when his play is damn'd;
Nor gamester, when his ace of trumps is pam'd;
Not Pitt, when from the helm of state cast down;
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Not Morris,* when the royal bard's his joke,
And stupid audience can't the humour smoke;
Not Light—t in a heavy gale at east,
Nor Overseers unbid to parish feast;
Could with such damp be struck, nor turn so pale,
As did the doughty hero of my tale.

O how shall I, un-aided by the nine,
Attempt a portrait of the man divine;
Had Guido risen with all the powers of paint,
Still even his glowing tints had been too faint;
I see him now, his stiff'ning hairs upright,
His fixed orbs, that spoke dismay and fright;
Un-garter'd, and half-button'd, on he pass'd,
"O save my Cow, or be this day my last."

But when, within her stall, he Cromie found,
Extended on her side upon the ground;
With dripping nostril and with heaving chest,
He best can tell his woes,† who feels them best;
His tender heart revolted at the view,
Back from the byer to the house he flew,
"Send for more help, ye bitches," was his cry:
'We'll get more help,' his trembling maids reply;
"Fly to John Delver, fly, on eagle's wings,
"He's skill'd in fellon drinks, and all such things.'

* David. † Vid. Pope.

In five—long—tedious—minutes Delver came,
And sat him down, beside the rising flame;
Then grave began—'I'm told, good sir, that you
' Would speak with me'—" Yes !! and they told
" you true ;',
' Sir, what's the matter,—" Zounds, sir, don't you
" know,
'' I'm ruin'd and undone"—' I hope not so ;
' What if the club has stript you clean at whist,
' I trust there's yet a little left i't' kist,'*
" No, no; 'Tis worse than that"—' What can be
' worse ?
' Have Thieves from Jordan† brown fish'd up your
' purse ?'
" Ah no"—'What then can give you so much pain ?
' Sure our good king's not taken ill again ?
' That news, I know, would break your loyal heart,
' But there's no help, the best of friends must part:
" You're quite mistaken, wide as pole from pole,
" Nor whist, nor purse, nor king distract my soul;
" Have you not heard, am I to tell it now ?
" Ten pounds to one, but I shall lose my Cow."
' And is this all'—the wondering swain rejoin'd,
' Is it a Cow that thus disturbs your mind;

* Chest. † Thereby hangs a tale.

' Send o'er to Whitby, bright abode of wits,
' Where wisdom garb'd like aged matron sits;
' From every herb and flower, our fields disclose,
' She does her staleing, scowering drinks compose;
' No fellon* need you fear when she is nigh,
' Before her skill, segg,* cruik,* and lakeburn* fly,
' Not even the stubborn sit-fast can withstand,
' The mighty workings of her potent hand.'
" Alas my friend, drugs have too long been try'd,
" All Braken's art hath been too long apply'd,
' And yet there is assistance to be had,
' I know a cunning man'—" Zounds are you mad!
" What a fine story for the parish—How
" The parson got a witch to cure his Cow:
" To them your counsel would sound vastly odd."
' Send for a conjuror, thou man of God:
' And why, dear sir, if good comes out of evil
' Not get an useful job done by the devil;
' As you're no conjuror yourself you know,
' What harm to get a sage to cure your Cow.
The parson try'd the cast of either scale,
At length his love for Cromie did prevail;
When his kind neighbour said—' Sir, shall I go!'
He shook his head, but never answer'd—No.

* * * * Diseases to which horned Cattle are liable.

CANTO II.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.
Vaccam Virumque rursum cano. ANON.

Old Delver, taking silence for consent,
To seek the magic seer directly went;
Him soon he found at Barney's stable door,
Nailing the charmed horse-shoe to the floor,
For want of which, last week his gelding dy'd,
And his old mare groan'd in a tight-bound hide.

Delver, (the wizard beckoning a part,)
Tells of the grief that wrung his pastor's heart;
His aid bespoke, his hand with silver crost,
That nought for want of scratch-dues might be lost.
Then to that house, they bend their silent way,
Behind which stands the parson's stack of hay,
Who, by old Delver whisper'd, put his hat on,
And sally'd out, to meet the man of Satan.

Slight ceremony pass'd between those two,
'I hope you're well, sir'—"Th—n how d'ye do;"
"My neighbour, I imagine would impart
"The reason why I wish to try your art."
Then spoke the wizard—'Be you rul'd by me,
'Your Cow upon her legs, you'll quickly see;

" Nine locks of hair from Cromie's body cut
" Must first within this sacred bag be put ;
" To your keen scissars I the rump resign,
" Her ample front and dewlap must be mine :
" That prelude done, we downwards bend our way
" To that deep Gill, whose Oaks obscure the day ;
" A place untrodden, where no prying crew,
" With wand'ring eyes our mystic rites may view."

INCANTATION.

SCENE. A woody glen, between two steep hills, bounded at one end by dark hanging rocks, on the other by a barren moor, on which stands a ruined Cottage, beyond which is caught a glimpse of an agitated sea.

MAGICIAN, SOLO.

Cats and barking dogs avaunt,
Know ye not 'tis magic ground ?
The screech owl's aid alone I want,
To form the mystic rite profound.

By magic potions lull'd to sleep,
While noisome fogs creep o'er the ground,
The village swains dread silence keep,
Now we begin our rites profound.

RECITATIVE.

This bag, the pillow formerly enclos'd,
On which Tib Johnson's liart* head repos'd ;

* Grey.

Tib Johnson fam'd through Loftus for a witch,
Whose nag's a broom-stick, and whose wand's
a switch;
She, as the neighbours all devoutly swear,
At Staiths bewitch'd Sam Price's sorrel mare.

AIR, PARSON.

O Tib, behold a hapless curate bow;
Exert thy power, assist to save my Cow.

RECITATIVE, MAGICIAN.

To Mulgrave-castle,* as the sun went down,
I hy'd, and of dread Langstaff begg'd a boon,
The boon he granted, and I have it now,
See, 'tis a chip from rib of Bell Wade's Cow.†

AIR, PARSON.

O be propitious to my vows great Wade,
A giant like thyself implores thy aid.

REC. MAG.

To bind the charm, this halter which you see,
I took at dead of night from willow tree,
The willow tree that weeps in yonder grove,
On which Peg Suggit hang'd herself for love.

AIR, PAR.

O hapless Peg, to me propitious prove,
So may'st thou meet in Lethe's shades thy love.

* Vid. Camden's Britannia. † Vid. Drake's Ebor.

Dear Betty* Smales, how fatal was the day
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Thus spoke th' indignant priest, and turning round,
His eyes again he cast upon the ground;
The ill-star'd conjuror had no time to think,
But vanish'd like his master in a stink,
Again the powers of sorrow did prevail,
And Delver once more saw life's function fail.
Four sturdy rustics to the place he led,
Who bore the parson to his truckle bed,
There all the comforts this vain world deny'd,
By kind imagination were supply'd.

Now his rapt soul through fancy's regions flies,
Cows, Tythe Pigs, Mitres dance before his eyes;
An awful vision rising slow appears,
And sounds portentous vibrate in his ears,
Tremendous sounds, resembling those that roll,
From distant thunder, or the crouded school,
Behold—through cobweb clouds and learned dust,
His quondam tutor rear his awful bust;
In dexter hand the crimson'd birch he bears;
A wig of buckram hides his ample ears,
Of varied tints, where from the moisten'd crown,
The fainting tawney sinks in sadden'd brown;
His solemn brows with furrows deep imprest,
He bent—and thus his pupil sad address'd.

" Rise, pensive son, go strait to Egton fair,
" An Heifer like thy last awaits thee there;

" Long neck, white horns, wide hooks in her
" presage,
" The greatest milker of the present age,
" Where Cromie gave a pint she shall give two,
" And even Sir Thomas envy thee thy Cow ;
" Nay more, thy grief in toto to remove,
" I have a message from the powers above.

" When Eas—n—n, not thou, shall mourn the day
" On which death calls"—' Come, parson, come
' away ;'
" When upward soaring, earth looks small below,
" And brightning systems all around thee glow ;
" Then shalt thou see thy Cromie in the skies,
" Another sidus give to Herschell's eyes ;
" With spring-portending Taurus form a pair,
" And shine the brightest constellation there ;
" Even Aldebaran's glories shall look pale
" To the bright star that's fix'd in Cromie's tail ;
" And poring sage through Galileo's eyes,
" Shall raptur'd cry—' See Cauda Cromie rise.'

" Nay more, in all their glory thou shalt see,
" Those roaring Gods, so well describ'd by Lee,
" Whose characters sublime, in Homer's page,
" Have admiration gain'd from age to age,

" Those Humphreys and Mendozas of the skies,
" Who gave *bad language, and sometimes black
" eyes;
" Say, Bully Mars, who was it crack'd thy crown,
" And scar'd thy Crony Venus at Troy town;
" Those after scolding with their dears above,
" Came down by way of breathing, to make love
" To mortal ladies, in the shape of coin,
" Yea for their sakes transform'd themselves to
" swine,†
" And in the dominos of bulls and geese,
" ‡Went making thankful cuckolds through all
" Greece."

O happy priest, should fate have this in view,
To make thee chaplain to this jovial crew;
When thy great patrons drain the goblet dry,
Poor Cromie shall thy nectar'd draught supply,
Even Hebe's offer'd cup thou shalt set down,
With " thank you, but I'd rather chuse my own."

" When Witty Momus gives the smutty toast,
" And minor Gods try who can praise him most;

* Vid. Iliad. Hom. † Perhaps not literally Swine; but that they frequently made beasts of themselves is well attested by all their historians.

‡ Such were the Gods of the imperial Sage,*
Whose kindred virtues shine in Gibbon's page.

* Emperor Julian.

" Insist on reverence due to chaplain's place,
" And make their graceless Godship's wait for
" grace."
Thus spoke the pedagogue—a conscious smile,
O'erspread the dormant parson's face the while.

Such are the gifts, O sleep we owe to thee,
May thy *inventor ever happy be;
†Now, gentle reader, thou may'st take thy nap,
Call for thy gown, thy slippers and thy cap;
I've kept thee long—Yet stay—lest critics rail,
A moral should be added to our tale.

MORAL.

Set not your minds, good folks, on things below,
All, all are mortal, like the parson's Cow.

* Vid. Don Quixote.

† Thou by whose aid, as crack'd brain *Poet sings,
Kings are made Gods, and meaner creatures, Kings.

* Nat Lee.

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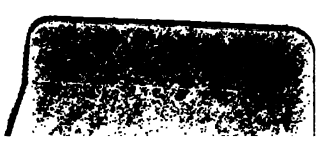
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